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ELEGY

On the (very little) Lamented Death of Old Father Peter's, the Late Famous English Jesuit, who departed this Life at St. Omers in France, on May Day, 1699, in the 70 Year of his Age.

WEEP all ye Romans who have Tears to spare,
You that have none, continue as you are;
and you that want your usual Tempers keep
Then if you please may laugh at those that
But now (perhaps) you'll ask The Reason why, (weep
Or wherefore you should either laugh or cry?
I'll tell you then, 'Tis for a sad Misfortune,
Old Father Peter's lately dead in France:
He's dead, he's dead, who made all England shake;
And cou'd Old J--- the Reas'ns for his sake:
Nay, greater things than this he here did do,
A Young Prince run before that he could go
Which by his Art he order'd should be so
Oh Fam'd Confessor! Wonders thou hast done;
All Miracles are ceas'd, since thou art gone:
Oh let my Pen give thee thy praises due,
You could give Pardons, yea, and Children too:
Nay, some have been so bold as for to fear,
You taught the Feeble how to get an Heir.
But whether that be true is yet unknown,
Being loath to give you more than is your own.
Thy Christian Bowels cheerfully extended,
To Female sinners tho' they'd much offended:
Who by long Custom in their Sins were harden'd,
If they were handsome, yet their sins were pardon'd.
Tho' dead in Sin, if Carcass was but living,
Thou rais'd them up by art of Sins forgiving;
Whole shoals of Beauties purg'd of Sinful Leven,
By thee are set in the High-Road to Heaven.
Farewell, dear Saint, Religions best Forecaster,
The more our sins to Heaven we go the faster:
Young Tender Females, who for frail Transgressions,
Received stripes from thee at their Confessions:
If Sins were many, tho' thy Strokes were mild)
Thou sometimes whipt them till they prov'd with Child.
A Young and Holly Sister at the Bath,
Conceived by thy Help, and her strong Faith,
And tho' her Father (skill'd in Physick Trade)
Can't cure the Wound which on her thou hast made.
These and many more great things, which I could tell
Were done by thee, when with us thou did'st dwell
And more than this, Preach'd up a frightful story,
Of Punishments in a Damn'd Purgatory.
Who with such Doctrine made a dismal rout

If thou art there, stay while we pray thee out
Even thou, who led so many Saints astray,
Ar't gon thy self, yet none can tell which way,
It's true, some Gu'ss (indeed) but who can tell,
Whither in Purgatory, Heaven or Hell.
Is thy aboad; since thou hast left Earth's Ball
Where by your Craft, you got the Devil and all.
But now Alas, that head in Dust is laid,
Which hath so sweetly Taught, and sweetly pray'd.
But though thy outward part, is gon and Rotten,
Thy better part, 'mong Saints wo'n't be forgotten,
Thou'rt Canoniz'd at Rome, in White and Red,
And there thou'lt Live, though here thou art quite Dead
Sure Rome will Mourn for, loss of this Confessor
And in his place Advance a true Successor
Therefore Dear Father since you've Quit this Stage,
Resign your Post, to'st Learned of this Age,
And let them chuse a Man like you in Evil;
Tho' tis a task, perhaps, beyond the Devil,
But now I think on't if it goes by Votes
No Man more fitter for't, than Doctor O-t-t-es.

EPI TAPH.

HERE lyes a Confessor
Who whip'd the Transgressor
And in time of great need
In case he was Feed
Upon true Confession
Could Pardon Transgression
And cou'd Cancell a Sentence
Without a Repentance
The Femal Young Sinners
Tho' but new beginners
By their Beads he could tell
Whan backwards they'd fell
And when all was not well.

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